

A.D. 1862 or how they act in Baltimore

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A.D. 1862, OR HOW THEY ACT IN BALTIMORE, BY A VOLUNTEER ZOUAVE.

“Gentle Woman, ever mild.”

LC

JAS. S. WATERS, BALTIMORE.

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How They Act in Baltimore IN 1862.

Can sage resolve, if sages now are found, And if none live, consult those under ground
— Whose large experience of the female mind, The springs that move it, and the keys
that wind, May make them grave authority to say— Wise Solomon, or Monsieur Michelet
— What “Coigne of vantage” lies in woman's breast, What zig-zag nook is there, for
Treason's nest? A pleasant castle doth it choose indeed, And “air most delicate,” wherein
to breed! Or speak thou, Brigham, from thy saline lake, What madness reigns, what
demon is awake? If things continue at the rate they go, The cocks must lay, for all
the hens do crow. No wonder 'tis the dragon lifts his head? On dainties sweet, and
blandishments he's fed! What does it mean, where womanhood is taste, The good
and beautiful is left to waste? With minds unsex'd they wildly rage of late, And make it

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fashionable now, to hate. By all the flocks of little flutt'ring Loves Round Venus' car, and by her perfumed doves, We do protest against it, and declare The fashion ill becomes the young and fair. Doubtless some French philosopher has said— If so, the scamp deserves a broken head— “If firm, their reason stands, or if it swerves, The affair, at last, is only one of nerves.” 4 Such Frenchman was not only rude, but, wrong; He here would find opinions rather strong Among the fair, and once, the gentler sex, Whom the wild winds of controversy vex; Often too strong to heed what others say; Not unlike clergymen with people lay.

Ye females plain—and ye in fat who waddle Decamp, secede, at once, with all your twaddle! Lay on the shelf the needle, wax and button, The “pegs”^{*} of politicians straightway put on! As far as inexperienced guess may tell, Ye would become the bifold garment well! We fain would greet you as our fellow men, Could your good nature once come back again; You oft improve, by earnestness and fire, A hackneyed subject ready to expire.

* It will not be necessary to explain the meaning of “pegs” to the readers of Punch, who has given a classical signification both to pork-pies and peg-tops. The peg-top pantaloons, or trowsers, is of Gallic origin, and was borrowed, i. e. the style, by the English, from their allies during the Crimean war; which, whatever effect it may have had upon the condition of other nations, certainly by the introduction of these, enlarged the liberty of one-half the male population of Great Britain. It is the easiest garment known since the days of the Picts. The fact of its being the abbreviation of a very common English expression, is no reason why the awkwardness of a foot note should be dispensed with; as many of England's expressions have of late become difficult to understand in America. There is also another reason; pegged boots are very commonly worn by our politicians and Congressmen from the North and West.

Hear those two matrons now for life and death, Not in opinion diff'ring, but in breath: How fly their tongues! how fast the spanking pace! This talks the loudest, that will win the race;

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One breathless stops, while one the prize doth carry— Which of the twain would you prefer to marry? Be careful dames, lest angry passions wake Like cats in bag that wicked urchins shake.

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Admitted 'tis by all, the female mind Of right can shift and vary like the wind. Tasteless and tame were life without variety; But what's become of Angelina's piety? No rain could stop her once, or storm dissuade, She'd hear the Doctor if he preached or prayed; If custom lead her to the house of God, The prayer book now seems obsolete and odd: The established ritual she doth reverse, And prayers for blessings turn into a curse.

And so, the young and charming Ellinore— Of late become a most terrific bore,— Cites law and Vattel to admiring Helen, And has a plan for wiping out McClellan. A sacred relic on her breast she wears To cheer her hopes, and to allay her fears; A button that—O superstition's reach! Had mounted bastion, and been worn in breach By a Confed'rate officer, who cut It from his tail of coat, and after, put With his own hand where now you see it shine— Oh, would that officer's gay lot were mine!

Bright Phœbe talks much as the swallow flies, Skims o'er the surface—darts her quick replies; And though unlearned, she pertly stops your mouth With apt quotations from the Evening South.,

Sweet maid, of thee, what language shall I speak? These lines too rugged, and these words too weak! Most have some share of charms—thou, every one That walked in Eden when the world begun! Soft eye, small foot, and figure slim and tall, Cheek—like the peach that grows on garden wall. That head, if I were Raphael, I would paint Surrounded with a glory, like a Saint; And pray her sit again, that I might get Two ostrich wings in rear of her corsette. 6 That heart, which overflows with all it feels, Would skin the President, as cooks skin eels! Ye Gods! In maiden breast what can inspire So strange a wish and panther-like desire? I can hut think so fierce a thought in Mary, Was sentimental, more than culinary;

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Though Russell, with an asterisk, and dash— Does state, a Norfolk dame desired a hash
Of part of Lincoln's person made— *the* part He leaves in doubt—could it have been the
heart?

Lavinia twists her coral lips awry, At every red breech'd soldier passing by. Kate's glance
at officers is so severe, Her meaning they mistake, at times, I fear. Fanny tucks up her
dress—so feeling rankles, And shows contempt, and, very pretty ankles. Bull Run was
far too mild for Mary Ann, Who ne'er before had hatred shewn to man. Æmelia dear, can
hardly sleep o'nights, Because, poor child, she wants her Southern rights. Clorinda, who
last winter scraped the lint, Still pines to see her lover's leg in splint; While Lucy longs to
view her worser half, With “ *Hony Soit* ” writ just above his calf. Reverberina says—we'll
let that pass— An echo she—her husband is an ass. Miss Betty Jones, still of romantic
age, If strongly pressed, would slip off as a page, Bet hates this Union vile—yes, hates it
well, The reason ask—and Betty cannot tell— This little petrel hears the wind with glee,
And hopes that thousands may be lost at sea. We know that Susan always loved to dream
Of piping shepherds by a pearling stream, Of knights and ladies, dancing in the shade—
She's lost her senses now, and clean gone mad— 7 In silent patience mopes, and hopes
to see The world reform'd by gallant chivalry.

'Twere hard to guess what things about them lodge! But this I have in confidence from D
—ge, Who says, a fashionable dame may pack With ease, a pedlar's cargo on her back,
And all the vigilance he can intrude, By some ingenious method they elude. “Unless the
cabinet shall find some law “To stop them as they sail—give him the *droit*. ” Before “ *de
visite* ” left his lips, I said, Stop neutrals? “Neutrals, they!”—he shook his head. “Could I
the power obtain t' expunge their sex, “The way were plain which now doth much perplex:
“More plots, sir, plans, and strange devices lurk “Within a piece of mantua-maker's work,
“Than all the jungles, or the rooks can hide “Of venom'd rattlers on a mountain side. “Such
are the advantages of crinoline, “That little Mag's a perfect *Maga* zine; “For some Confed,
sets her percussion cap, “And carries fulminates about her lap.” A modiste says, (this, too,
in confidence,) For the exposure might give some offence, That many a graceful form and

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rounded part, (She's the Praxitiles of plastic art,) Is order'd still, of fine gun cotton wad,
Though so consumed last spring, it can't be had; The article when trimm'd, and worn in
pleat, Fills out the figure and the dress looks "sweet."

How slowly Time on Sunday flaps the wing! Then come—an evening visit's just the thing—
With coat well brushed, and person rather spruced, The offer we accept—are introduced
8 To where Arachne, and her sisters dwell, And sire so liberal, that none can tell Which
side the contest his opinions dwell.— So monumental Washington in stone Might see
below two curs dispute a bone— Wer't not a spot that he calls "Idlewaste," Might too
sequestered be, to suit his taste; Far off in Tennesseean vale it lies Where dues fall heavy
'neath secession skies— A slight confusion flutters as we bow, The Sunday work cannot
be cover'd now. As Arabella's fighting fingers weave, A sigh, more soft than wool of lamb,
doth heave; Her cheeks alternate with the colors spread, Now white and pale, and now,
Confed'rate red: In rapid progress, lo! the texture grows! Rounds first the major, then the
minor toes; Pleasant the evening passed—no party shocks— With charming girls, and
party color'd socks: 'Twas touching too, to see their tender pains, Like Love and Pshyche
twine around chilblains!

Dear me! To see them busy bending o'er The photographic table, in a store, What care
they heroes, from the pile select, How laugh at zeroes, whom they don't expect! Though
that Junonian beauty Jeff may wear, On Delias' breast—he has no business there.

Oh! that infernal French name, Beauregard, Has done more mischief—for 'tis very hard—
So hard—almost impossible, you know, To struggle 'gainst the influence of a *beau!* A *beau*
ideal, whose name implies a gaze; Unfailing mode to charm, and please, and praise. See
what "plots, treasons, stratagems and spoil," Lurk in that name, that liquid flows as oil. 9
If e're we catch him, be it soon or late, May Congress, seize him, bind him, and translate;
And then release him with his name "Goodlooks," The charm dissolv'd, like Smith, or
Jones, or Brooks.

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What means that savage and that wild harangue, That nasal snarl, and that Penobscot twang? What brings that Burst of wolfish fury forth? A northern woman, railing at the North! So the chained hound beholds the broad moon's light, And howls the louder as it grows more bright.

Go where you will to visit, pray, or shop, Secesh is handled but not known to drop. Stout Mrs. K. takes stockings, double six, Her politics and shopping, sure to mix. Ere the brisk lad can shew the unusual "twelves," Hold! they are stopt in transit from the shelves— She never can be suited in her hose Until young Bobbin's real views she knows.

Restrain the fancy, that, in youth too free, Will skip and play as kittens climb a tree; If overdone, 'tis worse, like o'erdone rouge Than common sense, or natural gambouge; Beware lest the imagination rise Too far from earth, and mount too near the skies! To see triumphant Davis as he comes Mid grateful people, with a beat of drums, In barouche seated, with his head all bare, Bowing to handkerchiefs that fan the air; While proudly prance six horses in a team, Their tails in ribbons, and their color cream, (And hired of Stewart, who drives them in a hearse,) Expenses settled by the city purse, While virgins virtuous, in satin white, With rosy wreathes, sing pæans of delight; 10 And dance through mud upon fantastic toe, From Eutaw House unto the bridge below; And Christ Church bells a merry peal shall ring, —Gone is the Union, like the snow in spring!

That's not Jeff. Davis* —you mistake the man, We doubt if ere he broke a ladies fan. He has no taste for pomp and vain display, And show, and pageantry, is not his way, Should he victorious come he'd like to know The banks' condition, get the mayor to go, Secessionist from principle, along To settle matters and avoid the throng; † Provide the prominent perhaps with rope, Engage some barbers, razors, lather, soap, To operate at once on Union pates, An argument well known in Southern States, Where the division of a hair is made The politicians, as the barber's trade, And heads that reason can't convince —they shave, And precious time from long palaver save. (A different custom in the West prevails, Here they split hairs, and there they split up rails.)

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* It may be well to say to those who have never seen this remarkable personage, whose fate it seems to be, to be hung (in photograph) in the house of almost every family in our City, claiming to be genteel; that Mr. D's personal appearance, would not be considered by writers of romance as suited to inspire a feeling of loyalty, such as is frequently manifested to him. His figure is spare; apparently the result of dyspepsia—with a want of adipose tissue in the cheeks. His manner however is pleasant; his voice unctious, and almost evangelical. We are not able to state positively in what form he uses tobacco.

† See a Baltimore paper of last April. Although an argument is considered good which will work both ways, we cannot but condemn this one, as radically bad; and hope it will not be permitted to work practically at all.

11 Most like he'd dine in private and in haste— Nor Potts thy infants kiss, or pickles taste. A speech post prandial might with force impress, Both girls and men, in different mode, not less. The peroration speak his strong desire For our good and goods, and having these retire.

E'en our opinions, which leave not the beat Of laziest policeman on the street, Offend; Ventosa comes—of yore to me As kind, almost, as clematis to bee. Down street, like Argosy, she holds her way, From Pocomoke or Sinepuxent bay, Our presence seen, she veers on other tack, Fills all her sails and then goes spooming back. The same th' effect on Mrs.—call her—Cox, But she inspects the entrails of an ox, Stays in the stall o'er liver, tripe and bone, Emerging only when she thinks, we're gone. Thus friendships, deem'd immortal ones of old, Now lie unwept, unthought of, dead and cold.

Unglove that hand, and give a parting shake; If we are wrong, then pardon our mistake. Dost doubt that fire will burn, or ice is cold, (But this comparison is somewhat old,) No more we doubt our country and her strength, Than doubt Scott's truth, or Mr. Lincoln's—length. Are confident secession soon shall sing Quite small beneath the eagle's spreading

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wing. But Clara dear—ah—why that change of face? Trade will be free enough to let in lace.

Tis time to pause—in doubt as we begun, And end in sadness what was said in fun. Tis dreary, tiresome and unfeminine; Unlike our ladies as they used to shine; 12 But more than this—ah! may, they never find They've sown the storm, their brothers reaped the wind! Grant it, kind Heaven, no bloodstain'd banner waves O'er their lost friends, or, gory lovers' graves! The gallant grace, that ever charmed the eye, May rest on earth a mangled mass to die; Or, toss'd, a groaning heap, to form a part Of jolted wounded crowded in a cart, Which from the death field rumbles on its way— Sinks the red sun, and then begins—decay.

Or change the scene to the long narrow hall, While the dim candle flickers on the wall; And the stained bandage, upon every bed, Tells the same tale—the dying and the dead! Perhaps in yon damp brow is found a trace, The lineaments of a familiar face; As the last smile lights up a glazing eye To see bright worlds in shadows passing by, Oh God! the late too painful thought then spare, “Had I not said it, he had ne'er been there.”,

What lighter, stronger thing than woman's word! E'en spoke in jest it may unsheathe a sword. Unto the generous, the brave, the young, A whisper's louder than a trumpet's tongue. Ordain'd each ruder passion to assuage, Be woman careful how she kindle rage! When honor, or her country's cause require, Avenging angel be she, to inspire; Or, bright in arms, like Orleans maid, on horse Charge through the field, and spurn th' invaders' corse! But would she have this civil discord cease? Let her soft eyes ram pity—be her office peace.